



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO. 50.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1800.

WHOLE NO. 622.

## AMANDA:

A TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

[CONTINUED.]

"MY beloved aunt's affection appeared to have increased by this temporary separation; and the improved appearance of my person gave an animated glow to her countenance, that at once proved both her sensibility and her tenderness.

"My Amanda!" said she, pressing me to her bosom as she spoke, "I knew not till we parted how much I loved you, or how necessary your presence was to my happiness; yet do not suppose that I mean selfishly to prevent you from partaking of those pleasures I can no longer enjoy, or expect that a girl of your age should devote the choicest moments of her life to the amusement of a being, whose mind and body are equally debilitated: but as I cannot entirely relinquish the gratification of your society, and at the same time wish you to have the power of mixing with the world, you will not be surprized at my receiving with delight a proposal from Sir Edward Forbes, that appears calculated to insure the felicity of us all. His elder son, a young man of high honor, engaging manners, and independent fortune, lives but in the hope of calling you his own; and as a proof of the strength of his attachment, consents to be burthened with the company of an old woman, for the sake of enjoying the society of a young one. In short, my love, his proposals are at once so honorable and disinterested, that it was impossible for me to hesitate about their acceptance; and I have only to hope that my Amanda has conquered her partiality in favor of an undeserving object, and that she will be able to place her affection upon one every way deserving of her."

"To this speech, uttered with a voice of softness and solicitude, I was wholly incapable of making any reply, but my countenance described the agitation of my feelings; and my amiable relation, anxious to relieve the situation of my mind, assured me no restraint should be put upon my inclination; yet conjured me, for her sake, to receive the attentions of Mr. Forbes, who, she flattered herself would be able to make an impression on my heart.

"Whilst the amiable young man, in whose favor my aunt had taken so warm an interest, was daily evincing the tenderness of his attachment, my heart was torn by contending emotions. Alphonso—the faithless Alphonso!—for whose sake I had hazarded the loss of more than a mother's fondness, neither came, sent, nor wrote to me; and though, on our separation, he had promised to contrive to see me in less than a fortnight, five months elapsed without hearing a word from him.

"My child, who had been placed at nurse as a relation of Mrs. Manners, was the only source from whence I derived consolation; and the gratification I should have enjoyed in his infantile caresses was embittered by the constraint I was forced to put upon my feelings.

"Mr. Forbes perceived, and commiserated the dejection under which I labored, and, with all the warmth of disinterested affection, conjured me to make him the sharer of my sorrows. His voice,

his look, and his professions of tenderness would have made an impression on the most callous heart; and, unable to sport with such generous sentiments, I made a frank confession of all my sorrows.

"He heard me with mute but agonized attention, and, throwing himself upon a sofa near which he was standing, for some moments concealed his face within his handkerchief; but, recovering himself within a short time, he exclaimed—"Oh, Amanda!—dear, unfortunate Amanda—teach me to bear thy afflictions, with resignation, and my own sorrows will fit lightly on me!"

"There was a something in his voice and manner that gave a sudden horror to my heart; yet I fancied his agitation proceeded more from *disappointment* than *sympathy*, and endeavored to calm him by an assurance of my friendship.—My aunt's partiality had greatly increased, and he seemed determined to cherish the hope of his becoming her nephew, in spite of the reluctance too perceptible in me. I therefore conjured him to devise some means of reconciling her to the impracticability of the scheme, and besought him to save me from reproof and censure.

"Reproof and censure!" exclaimed my lover, in a tone of deep dejection:—"who shall dare reprove or censure *purely* like *thine*? Yet, art thou pure?—ah! no!—a villain, a base villain, has undone thee!" So saying, he rushed out of the room, leaving me alarmed, terrified, and confounded.

"A few moments' recollection convinced me that the disappointment of his wishes had created a sudden disorder in his intellects, and I indulged the hope that a short time would reconcile him to the necessity of his fate, and enable him to bear the mortification with composure. Notwithstanding this idea, my aunt perceived something had occurred to depress and pain me; and as I was under the necessity of ascribing it to some cause, I informed her Mr. Forbes had been suddenly indisposed, and had acted in a manner so phrenzied and alarming, that it had produced an unusual agitation in my feelings.

"A messenger was instantly dispatched to Sir Edward's, with enquiries after the state of his health; when, judge of my astonishment and apprehension at being informed he had quitted the house in a post-chaise and four, without assigning any reason for his journey.

"The conduct of my husband had not weakened my attachment, and a thousand terrifying ideas rushed instantaneously on my mind. That Alphonso was the object he intended to pursue, scarcely appeared to admit of a doubt; and that the consequence of such a meeting might be fatal, had too much of probability for its support not to create a thousand terrors!—My aunt perceived the conflict in my feelings, and, imagining it proceeded from attachment to her favorite, endeavored to console me with an assurance of his safety.

"I had been so long accustomed to conceal my sentiments from this excellent woman, who deserved my utmost confidence, that I suffered her to indulge this idea; and, instead of frankly

avowing the duplicity of my conduct, increased my guilt by additional deception.

"A fortnight elapsed without intelligence of my lover, during which my mind was tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions; and my fears had gained so complete an ascendancy, that the most fatal certainty could not have exceeded them. The wished-for news at length arrived;—and judge of my horror at perusing it—

"TO AMANDA.

"TO wound a heart softened by sensibility, and to agonize a breast composed of tenderness, is one of those distressing employments, from which the mind of man must recoil with horror; yet such, Amanda, is the office I undertake. Yes, dearest, best, and most unfortunate of women, the being who sympathizes, venerates, and adores you, is going to agonize that gentle bosom with a tale which harrows up his very soul, and leaves him destitute of all—but Pity!

"You must recollect, my adored Amanda, the anguish I endured during the recital of your affecting story; though, probably, at that period you attributed it to a different cause, and imagined that the hopeless situation of my own passion had reduced me to that state of phrenzy which interdicted your feelings; but it was for you, Amanda, that I suffered; it was your sorrows that I found insupportable; and I would willingly have resigned all pretensions to your hand, could I have felt convinced that you were lawfully Alphonso's.

"Start not, my beloved, at the bold assertion—but, Alphonso is a—*deliberate, abandoned villain*!—who has basely seduced thy innocence and honor; and, under the specious, artful name of husband, tarnished that fame a *vestal* might have prized! Abjure him from thy thoughts—banish him from thy remembrance;—for know, Amanda, he was married two years before thy beauty fired his breast. A sad conviction of this truth flashed on my mind as soon as I heard his name; but yet, I hoped the tale was false:—would I had been deceived!

"I have pursued him, Amanda, near four hundred miles;—we have fought, and yet the monster lives! He is wounded, though not dangerously, but is prevented going on board the packet, which is to convey him to Ireland, by a wound which he received under his left arm. Oh! dearest Amanda, might I hope you would chase his abandoned image from your mind, and occupy it by the remembrance of a man who adores you, then might bliss and joy reanimate this breast.—then might I look forward to days of happiness, and nights of soft repose!

"Your marriage with this monster is absolutely invalid, and, fortunately, your friend alone is in the secret. In me you will find a being grateful for that felicity you alone can confer, and eager to anticipate your every wish. Yes, Amanda, we may yet be happy. Your child will find a father—you will secure a friend—and your venerable aunt is anxious to receive me as a relation. But I will plead my passion when I am able to travel: at present I am a close prisoner in my chamber; Alphonso's sword passed through my



arm, and the surgeon has still some doubt of saving it. But to you, my beloved, I was resolved to write, in spite of the constraint which he has laid upon me. Spare your aunt the knowledge of every thing that relates to this unfortunate affair :—and, oh! Amanda, shield thy breast from sorrow!—Yes, most adored of women, consider that the peace of him who lives but in your smiles depends upon your resignation! Farewell!—May guardian angels succor and sustain you! “EDWARD FORBES.”

“The perusal of this letter, for some moments, deprived me of the power of feeling the extent of my own misery :—but recollection soon returned, and with it such a load of sorrow, as would have crushed a frame less strong than mine; yet, spite of all the wrongs I had sustained, the false Alphonso still possessed my heart!”

“The tale, I fancied, might be false :—a sudden joy illumed my tortured breast, and I resolved to know at once my doom. A small bribe to the servant in the family induced him to procure me a carriage, which I ordered him to have in waiting at the end of the street; and sending for the nurse, who had the care of this precious infant, I informed her I wished to have him a few hours to amuse me; and, the moment she had committed him to my care, I escaped at a back door, and jumped into the carriage, and every moment that detains me from pursuing my journey I consider as a drawback on my peace and happiness.”

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### EMPEROR GALLIENUS.

IT seems that there were in his days, as well as the present, traders who valued MONEY more than PROBITY, and thought large gains might atone for the most iniquitous fraud. A man of this stamp, who dealt in jewels, found means to be introduced to the Empress, and sold her a set of stones, rich in shew, but of little value: being in reality no better than coloured glass. This fraud, though concerted with imaginable address, was by some means discovered, and the merchant of fictitious gems dragged to the public tribunal.

The Emperor, after hearing the charge, and examining the proofs, adjudged him to be exposed to a lion; and the people, ever greedy of blood, ran in crowds to see the execution. When he came into the arena of the den of lions, he was placed in the centre by himself. The guards withdrew, the people gazed, and the trembling wretch, overwhelmed with horror, stood expecting his fate. On a sudden a door opened, and out came a cock, which after two or three strides, fell to crowing and clapping his wings; immediately followed a cryer, who made open proclamation in the following terms: “Behold, O Romans, the justice of your Emperor! This man, who made no conscience, in deceiving in his trade, is now deceived himself.”

#### BENEFICENCE.

GOODNESS is one of the most noble attributes of the Supreme Being. Let us strive to copy it in ourselves, in as great a degree as feeble mortals can, and we shall find the source of true happiness. I see, indeed, nothing but the testimony of a pure conscience that can be compared to the secret satisfaction the friend of the world enjoys; I mean, the humane man—the man that takes pleasure in making others happy.

The Treasurer of Alphonso the Great, King of Arragon, brings him ten thousand crowns in gold. A courtier, seeing that sum, was overheard saying to himself, “I should want no more to make me happy all my life.”—“Be so,” said Alphonso, giving him the ten thousand crowns. What sweeter pleasure could so great a King taste?

#### INGENUITY.

AMONG the ingenious productions of a poor blind man of Whitehaven, England, named Thomas Spence (by misfortunes and infirmities reduced to the maintenance of a poor-house,) are the following very astonishing inventions: A machine for teaching the use of figures to the blind.—Another for making cordage for clocks and window-fishes, by which a child of twelve years will do as much work as ten men can perform by another method used in an asylum for such unfortunate people.—A TANGIBLE ALPHABET, by the which the blind may be taught to write and read.—An apparatus for writing upon paper (by the blind) either with a fountain pen or a pencil in straight lines.—A shoe, the sole of which is made of twine, and the upper part of satinette, finished with an elastic varnish.—He has also digested a plan for forming an universal tangible character, to be printed; the practicability of which he sufficiently demonstrates.

#### REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

OH! when shall earth enjoy perpetual Peace?  
Oh! when shall War, that worst of scourges, cease?  
On whose dark stage, black as the murderer's heart,  
Ten thousand vices act a different part:  
When shall the time arrive for man to gaze  
On Reason's sun, unshrinking from the blaze?  
Her heart-expanding voice has often cry'd,  
“Let hostile jars no longer hands divide;  
Let vengeful arms no more direct the sword,  
And hell's vicegerents guide the Russian horde:  
Why should the children of one common fire,  
See with delight each other's lamp expire?  
Why, wrapt in joy, stride o'er the vital flood,  
Feast on the fight, and drench their spears in blood?”

The dawn will burst, the glorious sun arise,  
When as the night, will fade each dark disguise;  
No more destruction's thunderbolts be hurl'd,  
Nor tyrants longer desolate the world;  
No more pale murder raise her standards high,  
And blood-stain'd trophies charm the jaundic'd eye.  
That time shall come, blest be the prospect fair!  
When Friendship's shout shall send the ambient air,  
When no dark policy shall discord fan,  
But man behold a brother's face in man.

#### THE DYING PAUPER.

HITHER grandeur, pleasure, power,  
Leave awhile your idle state—  
This is sorrow's piercing hour—  
View this wretched child of fate.  
Helpless, friendless, see he lies,  
Pain and anguish hover round,  
Want has closed his dying eyes,  
While your copious stores abound.  
Hear his famished orphans wailing,  
See the partner of his bed—  
His trusts of straw—his strength now failing,  
Feebly holds his sinking head.  
Here in misery while they languish,  
None regards the dying call,  
No eye beholds—the secret anguish,  
Save the eye that sees us all.  
Go ye sons of wealth and glory!  
Scenes like this will mirth destroy;  
Go, with all life's pomp before ye,  
Heedless quaff the cup of joy.  
But this scene shall have a variance,  
Soon these visions disappear,  
Then a Vapor all your radiance,  
His a fixed and shining Star.

#### INVITATION TO JOY.

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,  
While youth and spring bedeck the scene,  
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight  
With thankless heart and frowning mien?  
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,  
While roses strew the dewy way;  
The feast of life she bids us share,  
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.  
And still the grove is cool and green,  
And clear the bubbling fountain flows,  
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,  
As erst in Paradise she rose:  
The grapes their purple nectar pour,  
To lullage the heart that griefs oppress;  
And still the lonely evening howls  
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.  
Creation's scene expanded lies—  
Blest scene! how wood'rous bright and fair!  
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,  
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

#### EPITAPH ON JOHN AND MARY HOG.

OLD John and Mary Hog lie here,  
By butcher Death o'erthrown;  
Have mercy on the swinish pair,  
O Lord! and save their bacon.

#### JUSTICE OF THE EMPEROR CAMBI.

THE Emperor Cambi, of China, being out a hunting and having gone astray from his attendants, met with a poor old man, who wept bitterly, and appeared afflicted for some extraordinary disaster: He rode up to him, moved at the condition he saw him in; and, without making himself known, asked what was the matter with him? “Alas! Sir,” replied the old man, “though I should tell you the cause of my distress, it is not in your power to remedy it.”—“Perhaps, my good man,” said the Emperor, “I may be of greater help to you than you think; make me your confidant; you do not know what may happen to your advantage.”—“Well, good Sir, if you would faint know,” answered the old man, “I must tell you that all my sufferings are owing to a Governor of one of the Emperor's pleasure-houses. Finding a little estate of mine, near that royal house, to suit his convenience, he seized upon it, and reduced me to the state of beggary you see me in. Not contented with this inhuman treatment, he forced my son to become his slave, and so robbed me of the only support of my old age: This, Sir, is the reason of my tears.” The Emperor was so affected by this speech, that, fully resolved to take vengeance of a crime committed under the sanction of his authority, he asked immediately the old man if they were far from the house he spoke of? and the old man answering, they were not above half a league, he said, he had a mind to go there with him himself, to exhort the Governor to restore to him his estate and his son, and that he did not despair of persuading him to it. “Persuade him!” replied the old man, “ah! Sir, remember, if you please, I told you that man belongs to the Emperor: It is neither safe for you nor me to propose any thing like what you say to him; he will only treat me the worse for it, and you will receive some insult from him, which I beg you would not expose yourself to.” “Be under no concern on my account,” replied the Emperor, “I am determined to go upon this business, and I hope we shall soon have a better issue to our negotiation than you imagine.” The old man, who perceived visible marks in this unknown person of that something which illustrious birth impresses on the aspect of those of rank, believed he should not more oppose his good intentions, and only objected, that being broke down with old age, and on foot, he was unable to keep up with the walk of the house the Emperor was mounted on. “I am young,” answered the Emperor; “do you get on horse-back, and I will go on foot.” The old man not accepting the offer, the Emperor hit upon the expedient of taking him behind him; but the old man again excusing himself, that, his poverty having deprived him of the means of changing linen and clothes, he might communicate to him vermin he could not keep himself clear of. “Come, friend,” said the Emperor, “be in no trouble about that; get behind me; a change of clothes will presently rid me of all communications of the kind.” At length the old man mounted, and both arrived at the house they rode to. The Emperor asked for the Governor, who, appearing, was greatly surprised when the Prince, in accosting him, discovered to him, to make himself known, the embroidered dragon he wore on his breast, which his hunting garb had kept concealed. It happened to render more famous this memorable action of justice and humanity, that most of the grandes, who followed the Emperor to the chase, there met about him, as if assigned a place of rendezvous. Before this grand assembly he severely reproached the old man's persecutor with his signal injustice, and after obliging him to restore him to his estate and son, he ordered his head to be instantly cut off. He did more: he put the old man in his place, admonishing him to take care lest fortune changing his manners, he other might avail himself of his injustice, as he now had of the injustice of another.

#### MAGNANIMITY.

A SENTINEL, on the gang-way of the Sanipson prison ship, at Plymouth, England, in a violent gale of wind was blown into the Thames. A French officer, (a prisoner by the name of Le Fevre, immediately jumped into the sea, and, with great exertion and difficulty, being an excellent swimmer, saved the drowning man, and swam with him along-side, almost exhausted. They were taken on board, and soon recovered.—This generous trait of humanity being represented to the British government, a full passport, without exchange, was immediately sent express to the Agent for prisoners of war at Plymouth, for Le Fevre to return to his friends in France without any expense, with a certificate of his generous conduct to the French Commissary at Morlaix—where he safely arrived.



Sunday arrived the ship Hazard, Captain Sisson, in 35 days from London. By her a regular file of the Morning Chronicle to the 10th of August, is received. These papers do not bring any thing decisive respecting the negotiation between the Emperor of Germany and France. It appears, however, that Count St. Julien, the Austrian Minister from the Court of Vienna to Paris, has had two conferences with Talleyrand, and since set out for home, accompanied by Duroc, Buonaparte's principal Aid-de-Camp. It is probable therefore he is to communicate the final resolutions of the Chief Consul on the conditions of peace. We are inclined to think, from the manifest disposition of the inhabitants of Vienna for peace, that the negotiation will not hang long in suspense.

The secret expedition which has been preparing in England for this some time past, sailed from Portsmouth, the 7th of August—its destination is supposed to be Bellisle. [Commercial Adv.]

#### THE COMMISSIONERS.

A letter from a gentleman at Paris, dated July 17, received at Boston, observes, that the Envoys are very secret as to the progress of the negotiation they are conducting; that whatever reports may be current relative to the business, they can have no better basis than conjecture; that he should write again by Mr Tudor, who was to take passage with the Envoys in the Portsmouth sloop of war.

#### A RICH PRIZE.

A small privateer was lately fitted out from the Cape, to intercept a Spanish ship bound to Mozambique, with 50,000 dollars, to purchase slaves. In cruising she fell in with and captured the Danish ship Holger Danske, of 100 tons, from Batavia for Norway, with the Dutch Company's cargo on board, invoiced at 384,000 six dollars. The crew surrendered her to the British privateer, declaring the property to be Dutch and the vessel Danish. The latter has been acquitted. She had on board 125 pieces of cannon from the arsenal at Batavia, said to be intended for Amsterdam.

Capt. Coppinger from St. Croix, informs, that on the 5th inst. an action took place within gun shot of him, between his Danish Majesty's brig Lougen, and an English schooner privateer, which lasted a quarter of an hour, when the schooner struck, and the brig carried her into St. Thomas.—Could learn no further particulars.

A female child, about six years and six weeks old, has been lately brought to Philadelphia from Buck's County, Pennsylvania, whose extraordinary bulk and size is worthy of observation. Her height is forty-seven and an half inches, she measures across the breast and shoulders thirty-four inches, and weighs one hundred and ten pounds, is sprightly and active, and has been known to walk two miles without resting. She respires with difficulty. Her appearance is so remarkable, that it would lead every observer to suppose she must have attained a more mature age; but those who have known her from her birth aver, that it does not exceed the period above mentioned. Being fatherless and helpless, it is contemplated to raise a fund for her education and subsistence, by gratifying the curious with a sight of so wonderful an object, and enabling the charitable and humane to bestow their favors on one who has no prospect of ever being able to use those means for obtaining a livelihood which others so happily enjoy.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Charleston, (S. C.) to his friend in Philadelphia, dated Sept. 13, 1800.

"The negroes have rose in arms against the whites, in this country, and have killed several. All the troops of Light Horse are ordered out by the Governor, to suppress the insurrection, under the penalty of 15 pounds sterling, for every private, and in proportion for the officers. It is expected there will be serious work before they are subdued."

In addition to the above, we learn by a gentleman from Charleston, that this insurrection had caused a very serious alarm in that city. Some reports stated the number of the insurgents who were embodied about thirty miles from the city, to be four or five thousand strong, and others decreased their numbers to seven or eight hundred. However this may be, the citizens were unfortunately backward in turning out, owing to the sickly state of the surrounding

country. Many chose rather to pay the penalty than run the risk of falling a prey to the fever which generally attacks those inhabitants of Charleston that venture into the country in the Autumnal months. [True Amer.]

A few days since an unfortunate young woman in the city of Philadelphia, put an end to her existence by swallowing a dose of poison. The cause of this dreadful act, is supposed to be, her having been seduced and deceived by a young man of her acquaintance.

A Boston paper says, "The United States sloop of war Warren, is in the outer harbor. We are concerned to hear that Capt. Newman, his son, and four midshipmen, the boatwain and boatwain's mate, with 40 of her crew, have died of the Yellow Fever since she left the Havana."

#### LONDON, August 5.

Letters from Brussels of the 23d July, in the last French papers, state that orders had been transmitted to all the ports of Holland, to equip with the utmost expedition, all the ships of war there. It is said that a fleet is to be assembled for the protection of the coast of Holland, as well as for the protection of commerce in the North Sea. Two ships of the line of 80 guns, lately built at Amsterdam and Rotterdam, will soon be armed and equipped.

#### August 10.

Our accounts from Egypt by last mail, state the renewal of hostilities to have been even more calamitous than had been before represented; as, instead of only ten thousand men having fallen in the battle with Kleber, the Turks lost upwards of twenty thousand by the sword, and by subsequent hunger, thirst and fatigue in the desert; whilst the multitude attribute to these latter causes the plague, which has made, and continues to make, the most dreadful havoc in the remains of the Ottoman army.

Amongst the numerous persons who fell into the hands of the French General at the battle of Cairo, was Mr. Moore, Secretary to the British Embassy to Constantinople, experienced from Kleber, and from the other Generals, the most distinguished attention and kindness. This gentleman has been permitted to rejoin the Grand Vizier, with whom he was when our intelligence was written; though from the state of the army, we apprehend that he could not easily find a place of greater danger. Several of the immediate attendants of the Grand Vizier have fallen victims to the plague.

#### MUNICH, July 18.

In consequence of the armistice, the French army is withdrawing from Bavaria; there is only a garrison of one thousand men left in Munich. Twenty-five thousand men, one-third of whom are cavalry, are on their march through the territory of Wurtemberg, where they will enforce the arrears of the contributions that have been imposed—they will be exacted with the more rigor, as Wurtemberg has hitherto suffered least by the campaign.

#### From a Worcester Paper of Sept. 17. HORRID MURDER.

The following shocking instance of a horrid murder took place last week at Winchendon, in this County:—A young man by the name of Robbins, who is subject to temporary fits of insanity, has for some time been in the employment of a Mr. Bixby of that town; Robbins was threshing in the barn with a son of Mr. Bixby's, when he suddenly flung down the instrument of his labor, declaring that he would work no more, but would kill himself, caught an axe and run hastily out of the barn; young Bixby pursued him to prevent any act of designed violence, at the same time calling upon a younger brother to follow him; as he approached near, Robbins turned upon him and with a stroke of the axe separated an arm from his body; Bixby fell by the blow, and Robbins with this weapon of death ran towards the younger brother, who was not far behind. The youth attempted his escape, but found that Robbins gained upon him and would soon reach him; having a dog he set him upon the mad man, which impeded him so much that he was able to save himself from danger: Robbins finding that the younger brother had got beyond his reach, returned to the victim of his rage and with his axe cut off the head of this unfortunate young man, as he lay weltering in his blood, and literally hewed the body into pieces. He then fled to the woods. A jury of inquest was summoned upon the body, who supposed the action to be murder; Robbins was arrested and is now confined in goal in this town, for trial before the Supreme Court at their next term.

#### COURT of HYMEN.

WHO that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
The waver's calm, the slumber of the dead?  
No—the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,  
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy.  
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
Without the home that blighted love endears,  
Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
Oh! what were man?—a world without a fun!

#### MARRIED

On Tuesday evening, the 2d inst. at Wilmington, (Delaware) by the Rev. Dr. S. Halling, Captain GEORGE MITCHELL, of this city, to Miss MARGARETTA FERGUSON, of Wilmington. [About 8 o'clock, the nuptials were consummated, under a discharge of 21 guns from the ship Nancy, then under easy sail up the river.]

At Flushing, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faintout, Mr. JOSEPH HEWLETT, to Miss HANNAH WEEKS, both of that place.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. FRANCIS OGBURN, Merchant, of this city, to Miss LUCY RICE, of Nova Scotia.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. RICHARD T. LAWRENCE, Merchant, to Miss ELIZA TALMAN, daughter of Samuel Talman, Merchant, all of this city.

A letter from Cooper's Town gives a melancholly account of the death of Miss HANNAH COOPER, daughter of Judge Cooper, by a fall from a horse. She was going on a visit to Gen. Morris's in company with her brother, when her horse started, and she fell with her head against a stump, and immediately expired.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE RIDDLE.

WHATEVER adorns or improveth the frame  
Of man, from the hour of his birth,  
Has the seat in the HEART, though it honors his name,  
And makes him appear great on earth.

Whatever is vicious, or tainted with spleen,  
From that mansion of guilt, too, arose:  
Could the HEART be disaffected, or perfectly seen,  
We might then know our friends from our foes.

#### WANTS A PLACE, AS WET NURSE,

a young married woman, with a good breast of milk, who can produce the most unexceptionable recommendation—application to be made at this Office. Sept. 26.

#### A New Publication.

Ambitious to receive and retain the patronage of a liberal and discerning Public, the subscriber respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that shortly will be published,

#### A BOOK OF THE UNITED STATES COUNTRY DANCES, WITH FIGURES.

Composed in America, by  
Mr. P. L. DUPONT, Professor of Dancing.

NB. Mr DUPONT, presents his respects to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city: informs them that on the 1st of November next, he will open his Dancing School at Lovett's Hotel, No. 69 Broadway. Sept. 24. 1800

#### JUST PUBLISHED,

and for sale by J. Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

#### TRAVELS,

In the interior Districts of AFRICA, performed under the direction and patronage of the African Association, in the years 1793, 1796 and 1797—

By MUNGO PARK, Surgeon;

With an Appendix, containing Geographical Illustrations of Africa, by Major Rennell.

#### LOUISA,

THE LOVELY ORPHAN,  
Or the COTTAGE on the MOOR.

By MRS. HELME.



## COURT of APOLLO.

### THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

IN yonder grape bowered bower,  
Which decks the sloping green;  
At evening's mild and moon-gilt hour,  
The Village Beauty's seen,  
This Nymph so fair,  
So debonaire,  
With silent magic art---  
As gay and vain,  
I pass'd the plain,  
Entrapp'd my vagrant heart.

Her auburn hair in tresses flow  
Adown her ivory neck;  
Her cheeks with crimson beauties glow,  
Her eyes divinely speak.  
This nymph so fair, &c.

With majesty she moves along,  
The pride of every swain;  
For her each shepherd tunes the song,  
And pipes his rural strain.  
This nymph so fair, &c.

Such is her unaffected way,  
She charms where'er she moves,  
And all with willing mind obey  
The nymph, whom virtue loves.  
This nymph so fair, &c.

Discretion marks her even course,  
While reason lights her soul;  
And mild persuasion's winning force  
O'er passion bears control.  
This nymph so fair, &c.

Grant me, kind Fate, with her to share  
The period of my days,  
And holy poems I'll prepare  
Of gratitude and praise.  
Since she, so fair,  
So debonaire,  
With silent magic art---  
As gay and vain,  
I pass'd the plain,  
Entrapp'd my vagrant heart.

### IMPROMPTU,

On seeing a Young Lady darning Stockings.

ALONG the stocking's foot, with ease and grace  
Your fingers, lovely MIRA, when you move,  
On them with eye admiring I will gaze,  
And drink deep draughts of all resistless love.

Assume thy gloves, my most enchanting fair,  
When next your stockings you begin to mend,  
For though full white the hose, they yet appear  
As fallow yellow, near thy lily hand.

As constant as your all obedient thread  
Does thy bright needle's devious path pursue,  
So does each thought of my poor brainless head  
For ever dwell, divinest nymph, on you.

Oh! as thy needles pierce the yielding hose,  
So oft thy beauties pierce my yielding breast:  
Oh! then compassionate my deep felt woes,  
And bid awhile the polish'd needle rest.

Or if one idle minute you disdain,  
On me be exercis'd your mending art,  
Yes, lovely maid, to ease me of my pain,  
Come, darn the hole that rankles in my heart.

### ANECDOTES.

A LADY having the misfortune to have her husband hang himself on an apple-tree, the wife of a neighbor immediately came to beg of the widow a branch of that tree, to have it grafted into one in her own orchard: "For who knows (she said) but it may bear the same kind of fruit."

A NEGRO fiddler, making his brags to a minister, of the great sum he had procured by his practice, asked him if it was not nearly equal to his salary, and being told it was, says, "Well, massa, I pefe I fufe de hearers good deal better."

## MORALIST.

### IMPORTANCE OF YOUNG PEOPLE BEING RELIGIOUS.

ARE we ever too young to be religious, give ourselves to God, and beg of him to protect and preserve us from vice and every sin? Religion is not gloomy, but is solid and substantial. It will not debar us from innocent amusements, but help us to enjoy them in a right manner. Young minds are apt to be taken up with the vanities of this uncertain world, and please themselves with a long duration. But how often does Providence disappoint their schemes---It is to teach us that our hearts should be set upon a more solid foundation---that we should be seeking for a foundation that we may build upon with safety---We must not build upon this world, but upon virtue and religion, which will keep us from falling---it will afford us the best satisfaction to be approved of God, which should be our greatest care to secure---Without his approbation we shall be miserable indeed. It will be dreadful for us to feel the weight of his displeasure---what can equal it? Let us, my friends, endeavor to behave in such a manner that we may be approved of God. Happy indeed shall we be, my friends, in the hour of death, to have our consciences and our peace made with God.

### CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

No 114 MAIDEN-LANE

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his Friends---the present Subscribers to Mr. Somerville's Circulating Library, and the public in general, that, in consequence of Mr. Somerville's resolution of retiring from his present line of business, he has purchased said Library---that it will be continued in the same store, where the present Subscribers and others will be regularly supplied with Books, on the same terms and conditions as those established by Mr. Somerville. To render this institution as extensively useful as possible, the Proprietor means to avail himself of every possible opportunity to procure the most recent publications of merit which issue either from British or American presses, including Periodical works of every description, Religious, Moral, Political, Scientific and entertaining.

The utility of a judicious Selection of Books for public perusal in diffusing the principles of general and necessary knowledge is too clear to admit of doubt, and too obvious to require illustration. While open to all, even the man of circumscribed fortune, is enabled to gratify his desire of improvement at a trivial expence; and as Books are the standing Repositories of Ancient and Modern Literature, that plan by which access to them is rendered most convenient becomes a proper object of the patronage of the public.

The Subscriber also begs leave to inform the public, that as Mr. Somerville declines the Book-Selling line against November 1st, he has made arrangements for laying in by that time a good assortment of books, especially classics, and gazetteary articles.

W. BARLAS.

N. B. A new CATALOGUE is in the press, and will soon be ready. By it Subscribers and others will see that a considerable addition of New Books has been made to the Library, among which are the following:

Monthly Review, for 1799; Azalais and Aimar; Ankerwick Castle; Douglas, or the Highlander; Emily of Lucerne; Feudal Events; Henry of Northumberland; Harcourt; Judith; Monkwood Priory; Mary-Jane; Mad Man of the Mountain; Romance of the Castle; Sigismar; Spirit of the Castle; The Three Spaniards; Winter's Tale, &c. &c.

### NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip (commonly called the NEW FERRY)---And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by

STANTON and WATERBERRY.

New-York. May 10.

JOHN WESSELLS,

LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 13 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel,

Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 3, 1800. 97 17

## Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin.

### PARTICULARLY

Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ring-worms, Tan, Sun-burns, Freckles, Shingles, Scorbatic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly-Heat, Redness of the Nose, Acne, &c. &c. are effectually and speedily cured by

Dr. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This Lotion is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietor for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most rancorous and alarming Scum in the Face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! Suffice it however to say it has been administered to many thousands in the United States and West-Indies with the greatest and most unparalleled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy.

Price---Half-Pints, 75 Cents---Pints, 1 dollar and 25 Cents. Prepared and sold by the inventor and sole proprietor, Dr. James Church, at his dispensary, no. 137 Front-Street, and by his appointment, at the General Intelligence Office, no. 84 William-street.

### NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varnmont, or the Necessary Divorce, Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Ashlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette, Children of the Abbey, Wieland, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witness, Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter, Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonfalo de Cordova, Arundel, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela, Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Folies, Inquisitor, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Myric Cottage, Selected Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy, Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey, Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck, Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey, Newey Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian,

### GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 194 Cherry-street, near the Ship-yards, New-York, informs the public, that he has a number of Boats complete, of every description, and that he has on hand a large quantity of Oars and Sweeps, which he will dispose of on reasonable terms.

NB. All Boats sent to his Boat Shop, will be taken in charge, while in port, free of expence 18 11

### Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINARY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Ruffles for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist---with a general assortment of Milinary as usual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. 11

### Printed and Published by

JOHN HARRISON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]